THE WEEKLY SUNBEAM.

Vol. IV. No. 16. - LOCUST GROVE, MAY 18, -Whole No. 65

Written for the Sunbeam.]

AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCES.

Continued.

At first the excitement kept me up, but after an hour or two I got very miserable and when we stopped at 1 o'clock for dinner, although I went in and sat down at the table I thought the food would have choked me. In half an hour we were off again, and at last I was so tired out that I fell fast asleep and never woke till the guard shook me saying: 'Now Sir, this is Banbury, and there is Mr. Brownlow himself.' Half awake and half asleep, I jumped up and saw a tall slight figure, with a bright cheery looking face, and child as I was, decided I should like him. My first impressions were certainly right, for how much I owe to him I cannot say. Perhaps, oh kindest of tutors and friends, I may be able to meet you and tell you; but, not on this side of the river, for years ago I a man with silvered hair walked with your widow down the pretty vicarage garden, neither of us well able to see all that was left of you for our tears as some of your old pupils carried you to the quiet 'God's Acre.'

However I am anticipating too much. At that moment I was too excited to do much but look, but when Mr. Brownlow came up to me and said, well, Arthur, come here with me, we are going to have something to eat, and then we'll drive home. So we sat down to cold beef and pickles, (I can see those pickles now) hot buttered toast, and coffee, and every moment I grew more and more at ease. He talked about fishing, about boating, swimming, riding, cricket, football, rounders (what you call base-ball) until I was perfectly amazed. Was this the dreaded ogre that I had been fearing? This pleasant-faced, pleasant-voiced gentleman, talking as though he were a boy himself. I knew he had done such wonderful things at Cambridge, for my father had told me he was one of the foremost men of his years. In a very little time we were in his carriage, and we seemed by then to be such friends that I ventured to say to him, I wonder if I shall get on well at school. Will the other boys like me? What shall I do? He looked at me very quietly with a sort of far-away look as if he were looking at his own childhood and said: 'My boy, I will give you the two rules I know for school and for the world:—Never let yourself be tempted to say *yes* when you feel that you ought to say *no*, and at every time in every place, Be a Gentleman.' Pretty good advice, but I am afraid it took me many a long day before I understood it enough to practice it. Well in about half an hour we came to a pretty lodge, and as the lodge keeper opened the gate, I saw through a vista of trees a big, red, brick house, a good deal covered with ivy. A few minutes move and we were at the hall door. I jumped out with my heart going double pace, and hardly knowing where I was, found myself in the

The Weekly Sunbeam

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

—by—

W. STRAUCH & CO.

Editors, Publishers & Printers.

SUBSCRIPTION:

1 mo. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - .10

6 mos. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - .50

Exchanges are not desired.
Back numbers can not be obtained.

Sunday. May 18, 1884.

drawing-room.

To be continued

BUFFON'S VALET.

It is said that Buffon, the great French naturalist, had one constitutional infirmity, which seriously interfered with his studies. He would sleep late into the morning. He determined to conquer his bad habit. After trying several plans and finding that though they seemed effective, they did not overcome his habit, he adopted the following:— The valet who attended him was strictly enjoyed to rouse him in the morning, and not to desist until he had thoroughly awakened and induced him to rise. All failed however.

To his mortification and chagrin, the naturalist found himself day after day waking to self-reproach, and the sense of time lost and opportunities of study gone by. He bitterly accused his servant of neglecting his orders by allowing him to sleep.

'But, monsieur,' replied the man, 'you are so angry with me when I call you! You abuse and drive me away; you command—threaten! It pains me. I get ashamed to persevere, and dare to torment you no longer.'

'Have I not told you a thousand times.' exclaimed Buffon, 'not to mind my anger—not to listen to my threats? Have I not ordered you to rouse me, shake me, pull me out of bed?—Stay,' added the philosopher, as a new idea occurred to him; 'every morning that you have me up at the desired hour, I shall rewrad you with a ouceur. Ten minutes beyond that, and not a sou do you touch!'

This argument was all-prevailing. From that day forth the valent gained money, the master, time; and posterity, instruction.

As this number ends the fourth volume, and being so near the end of our school term, we think it more expedient to suspend the "Sunbeam" for a few week, until the re-opening of school. We sincerely hope that our subscribers in the latter months have found many articles of interest to them in our columns, which we under every circumstance tried to avail.

LOCAL NEWS.

—:o:—

Manuel Johnson after a good month's vacation in Cloverdale came back Tuesday morning by the Santa Rosa stage. Judging from his sayings he must have had an excellent time.

Some of Mr. Watt's cherries are now ripe, and the boys may be frequently seen taking a stroll over there.

Arthur Landsborough may be seen busily engaged in harrowing the orchard. He has been doing some splendid work of late.

Mr. Thornburg paid us a farewell visit last Thursday morning intending to leave for the city the next day.

The first coat of paint is now dry and our old painters may be seen busily at work again on the second.

Ye Editor lately received a letter from Allen Calef our ex-schoolmate, who if possible intends paying Locust Grove a visit in the summer. He is doing extensive business in cattle-raising with his uncle in Pendleton, Oregon.

Willie Foye went out fishing yesterday with his father, but has not yet returned. We hope that good luck detained him.

Ah Way may be seen working in the orchard now instead as before in the kitcken; which he seems to like a great deal better.

Miss Alice Winter arrived here late Friday evening from San Francisco after a long stay.

The house was gayly dressed with flowers, Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Lubeck's birthday. And all did justice to the cherries and cake

Miss Deede Taylor has received a beautiful bathing-suit; and puts all the others in the shade.

Netting is still the fashion. We see several hammocks slung among the Locust Grove trees.

Friday evening, instead of having games in the school-room, we all prefered remaining out of doors; and played 'Fox and Goose,'

Sonoma was visited last evening by an unusually severe thunder-storm. Some old residents state that it was the nearest thing to a good genuine storm that they have ever seen in this portion of the country. Distant rumbling of thunder was heard early in the evening somewhat between the hours of 6 and 7, but the storm did not reach a climax until about 7:40. And then for about 20 minutes there was some lively cannonading, which was accompanied by a heavy fall of rain.

Emile Schleiden had the full benefit of the storm having gone to Sonoma for the mail and washing. It is needless to add that he came home thoroughly drenched.

ADVERTISEMENTS

BARBER SHOP.

Hair Cutting.....20 cts.
Shampoo (Ladies).....20 "
" (Boys).....5 "
Bangs clipped.....5 "
Office hours from 2 to 4 Saturdays,
LOCUST GROVE, SONOMA CO.

W. Strauch, & Co.

AMATEUR CARD AND FANCY

PRINTERS.

LOCUST GROVE, SONOMA, SONOMA CO.

Visiting Cards done in the latest and neatest styles. We are also prepared to execute all manner of Job Work at lowest rates. Give us a call before ordering elsewhere.

LOCUST GROVE SCHOOL

Sonoma, Cal.

A HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Mrs. C. W. LUBECK, } Principals.
Mr. Wm. JAMES, }

Assisted by competent teachers in Music, Languages, and Art.

For terms address Mrs. C. W. Lubeck. P. O. Box 29, Sonoma, Sonoma Co. Cal.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements,— 10cts. per inch
Continued ads. 5cts. per inch.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ED. WEGNER.

DEALER IN

All kinds of Drugs and family Medicines. Perscriptions carefully compounded at short notice.

Sonoma, Sonoma Co., Cal.

THE TRUTH-TELLER.

A colored man known as Uncle Squil was yesterday circulating around town with a basket of pop-corn, "warranted to cure dyspepsia in its most aggravated form." He had pretty fair luck for awhile, but at length came across an official who nibbled at the corn and remarked: "Uncle Squil, I had always supposed you to be an honest man."

"So I is, sah—so I is!"

"I'm afraid not. Here you are selling pop-corn under false pretenses. You know perfectly well that this corn won't cure dyspepsia."

"Well, sah—well" stammered he, as he scratched his head.

"Come, now, Uncle Squil, own right up that this stuff won't cure dyspepsia," urged the official.

"Well, sah," replied he, after a great mental struggle, "I am not certain 'bout the dishpepsy bizness, but fo' de Lawd I do believe dat dis co'n will turn de wuss case of consumpshun wrong side out in less'n free days by de clock! I'll sort o' weaken on dishpepsy, sah, but I'll stick to consumpshun right frew de season, sale or no sale!"

(d)

2020.1.115